

"Has she a good figure?" "Yes, and so has her father."



"The west line's to have a new rider," | change-off beats." remarked one of the young men who sat in a little cabin far south of the Red river one rainy evening.

"What's the matter with the Mexi-

"Got too smart on Keating and he fired him. Some relative of one of the owners is coming out."

that a young man should come to the ranch without experience.

railroad system, in his pocket as an introsuction, was making his way over the broad plains in their direction. He asked a lanky Texan for information as to his course.

"Go off there anywhere; you can't miss it." was the reply, and he waved his hand northwest, west and southwest, taking in most of the landscape.

es the cabin, where the north line rider and cornbread

watch of us and bosses us while riders

"And what does that mean?" "Look here," and Jim drew a crude diagram on the table top with his knife.

"This ranch is forty miles on a side;

Both laughed. It seemed a good joke that a young man should come to the ranch without experience.

This ranch is forty miles on a side; there's a cabin at each corner, and every night there's two men at opposite corners. To-night we are at C and the others at A. To-morrow night Frank here will ride to B and so will his chum; It was no joke to Lorne, who, with a I will go to D and so will my chum for that night. The next night we will be back at C and A again, as we are now.

back at C and A again, as we are now. So you see we have a change of bedfellows every night and ride over our line once every day, returning over the same course the next."
"But the foreman, where does he stay?"
Jim shrugged his shoulders, "Where he pleases. He may come on us any minute—that's why we can't loaf any."
As he spoke there was a patter of hoofs outside. "There he comes now," exclaimed Jim, and they put some more bacon on the fire. bacon on the fire.

Keating came in with a blustering offi-

taking in most of the landscape.

"Bur I want the barn's, houses—you know, the headquarters."

The Texan laughed. "You won't find 'em." After enjoying the boy's embarrassment, he went on: "Bee here, young fellow, Circle Rane'n ain't what you think it is. It's only a big pasture. There's no barn on it, an' no house except the shacks at the corners used by the line riders."

"By line riders."

"Yee, four of 'em—one on a side to guard \$,000 cattle."

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"This was clearer, and Lorne started on a ten-mile walk to the nearest corner of the ranch, where he arrived at nightfall,

Soon after he reached the one-roomed cabin, from which wire fences led west and south as far as he could see, a young mane, and simply ordered him to "get a hustle on him and go to work at once—he had looked for him."

In the morning Lorne started with Jim and mile after mile they cantered along the three-wired fence without seeing any cattle or finding anything amplies, and strip by onk linking low bottom lands. Later they stopped to turn back a herd that was getting too close to the fence, and they reached the cabin at sunsel."

"That Mexican won't come in tonish is a mighty easy job."

"This is a mighty easy job."

"Oh, yes, on pleasant days, when there is no trouble—but just wait."

"Where is my horse." asked Lorne the following morning after breakfast.

"In the fierd, and Jim pointed to a him, if may act of the rank, where the arrived at night-fall.

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In the morning Lorne started with Jim and mile after mile they cantered along the three-wired fence without seeing any cattle or finding anything anals. Sometimes it was across level prairie and then through the

ture sent him sprawling on the ground.

Lorne looked around sheepishly in the

ney without incident. It was getting well along in the spring and rain fell every One morning, to avoid the slip pery course close to the fence, he tried out in the pasture. As he rode he saw a queer impression in the ground beside his horse's feet. Dismounting, he made

reryous faces and branching horns it was!

Then, with a long, loping trot, which soon broke into a canter, a few leaders started south; others followed, becoming more frenzled as they ran, until the whole herd was in motion and Lorne had on his hands a full-fiedged stampeds.

er the animals and examining them "Boys," he called, "rope down a more closely, he noticed some singed steen," In a moment a storedy animal

But almost in an instant it changed. A twis snapped somewhere, or a jackrabili jumped from a grass climp—no one knows how it happens—and suddenly for the big rasch on which he was work—fine to grow that I am night."

The more be thought of it the greater was polated toward. What a sea of servous faces and branching horns it er the animals and examining them.

"Boya." he called. "rose down a was a climate to give me a chance to grove that I am night."

In response to Cot. Waters's nod be went to the edge of the camp, and cames back with a package in his hand.

"Boya." he called. "rose down a

was belpless on the ground. Lorne



Doctor-No. I'm as much in the dark as you.

the money.

"When you see Big Chief," he said, riell him that I ban alm money for 5 won per cent. Next year he have it for 4 per cent. He need money I loan it to him."

"I do not know who had informed "I do not know who not interest observes, but some one certainty had, for he knew to a dollar just what his money would bring him if lent at 5 per cent, and what it would bring if lent at 4 per cent."

TOO MUCH FOR AN OSTEOPATHIST

This Mach Battered Instividual Wandered Into the Wrong Shop. Chicago Times-Herald: "Are you the

doctor that makes new bones grow?"
asked a man who had waited a long
time in the outside office of a leading

physician osteopathist." sale, the docphysician osteopathist." sale, the doctor, if that is what you mean."
"A which?"
"I practice osteopathy—the manipulating and mending of broken bones."
"Kerrect. I guess I've had as many
bones broken as the next man, an' if you
can fix me up good as new I'il' be much
oblessed, and pay the bill hansum likewiss."

I cud for ide the coit to water he ran off, and gave me this Roamin nose—ha, ha—an, th' fust time I driv him to harness he kicked over th' dasher, an' that's when I lost my front teeth. I've had both legs broken and one arm in three places. This ere hole in my shoulder ain't from a bullet—it's where our old cow hooked me for a half day. This bone in my left wrist got mashed in a separator, and four of my fingers was wrenched at the same time. My eelbows—""Stop!" shouted the doctor, hurriedly, rising and handing the broken-up man his hat. "You've mistaken the place. You want to go to the anatomical museum, on the next corner, and have your skeleton articulated. Good day, sir."

and so sincerely that, it was a shame even to smile, but I could not help it. I assured him that I would explain to the Great Father' why it was that he hadn't some to help like in the war with Spain, and I assured him that the government would not feet that he had broken any of his promises.

"This same Indian who was so and any of his promises."

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"This same Indian who was so and the more in the kisser and kissee don't care for noises. When the train pulled doin ain't we?"

That settled it—a bady.

"Is the little darling tired of se long ride on do choo choo tars?" said the woman.

No answer from "little" darling.

"We'll be der by-by and den swest-

"We'll be der by-by and den sweet-heart will have something nice to est, won't he?"
"He" didn't say whether he would or

"Tiss me."
And the "tiss" half echoed through the

And the titles half echoed through the car.

Now if there is one thing above another that I like it is a quiet baby. They are so scarce that when I find one I am weized with an overwhelming desire to hold it and show it my watch and do all the other things that babies like.

"Does my ittle darlin' want me to hold he?"

he?"
No reply, either yell or goo-gos.
That settled it. I must see the baby
that had such respect for itself. I leaned forward in my seat and peered over the back of the one before me. I looked down. Then I rose and staggered to the front of the car for a drink of water. It wasn't a baby. It was a measley, little stub-nosed,

sniffling, wiggling pug dog.

Stone in Her Stomach.

From the Gazette, Blandinsville, Ill.: The wife of the Rev. A. R. Adams, pascan fix me up good as new 171 be much obleeged, and pay the blis hansum likewise."

"All right," said the doctor, as he led the way into his private office. "Just sit down in that chair and relax."

"How?"

"Let your muscles loose. Don't try to keep together. Now go back to your early fancy, and tell me every accident that ever befels you and what result followed."

"Shoi The fust accident that took me was famin outer bed afore I was a year old."

"What was the result?"

"Why, 't proved to th' folks that I wasn't a fool. "Thout a youngster tumbles out o' bed or falls downstairn afore hes first year is up he ain't considered bright. I did both—yes, by jiming crickey. I did.

"And your next accident?" suggested the doctor.

"There ain't no next. There was jest one qontinued chapter from that. I trake four ribs trying to fly and dished my coliar bore at the same time. When I cut to ride the colt to water he ran off, and gave me this Roamán nose—ha, ita—an, th' fust time I driv him to har-

eip.

"My husband having read in the newspaper of Dr. Willed me to try them. I

"My Husband Read," vember but erlenced no relief until I had taken

You want to go to the anatomical museum, on the next corner, and have your skeleton articulated. Good day, sir."

HEARD FROM BEHIND HEB.

She Talked as if Addressing an Islans Prodigr, but she was Not.

Detroit Free Press: The seat directly behind her was the only vacant one, so I took it. I was only going over thirty miles of the road. I didn't pay much attention to her. From behind, of course. I could only see her hat, a great affair of feathers, plumes and aigrettes and the other things women use in their headgear that look like Christmas tree

began tak-

Flotsam-I hear your brother has lost his position. I am sorry, but

"I know it, but I was looking for a better foothold for the pony." This was strictly true, "You seem to have found it-take off

"You seem to have found it—take off that saddle and let the horse stay. It can't walk home." Keating was astride his powerful gray and as he started for the corner cabin Lofne trudged behind. All the long six miles the boy conjured over the fore-man's position, and was at least certain that Keating had taken a dislike for him.

He was very lame the next morning He was very land a new pony out of the ranch lot, but managed to accomplish it. The riding, too, was hard, but he made the trip, getting in behind time. He then made the usual day's

but he made the usual day's rest to catch his regular turn again.

The bad weather continued. One day as Lorne turned from the path again, near the corner of A. he found most of the herd congregated in that corner of the mammoth pasture, and 4,090 or 5,000 cattle seemed to be feeding in sight of the herder. His companion of the night before had started early and was ten miles on his way. Keating he had not seen since the morning of the accident.

As he rode through the herd of big, wide-horned steers and cows with "bes-booling" calves by their sides, he thought he had never seen a picture so gretty.



She-And has the fly really eight thousand eyes?

He-So scientists say. She-I wonder he can't see what a mince sauce he makes of himself.

So close to the earth that escape seemed 'spossible again and again and again ne shouted and again and again ne shouted and again and again did he stop and listen eagerly.

A long, long time the young line rider lay at the bottom of the ravine. He closed he syes giver a while, and when he opened them it was to look square in the face of Kesting.

"Well," remarked the foreman, coldy, "what are you down her was a look square in the face of Kesting.

"Well," remarked the foreman, coldy, "what are you down her save a prolonged whistle. On her right finnic he saw a large capital "B" brand. He had rescued her from a flooded ravine the week before.

Yet it was certainly the cow he had saved from the dangers of the sand painfully after some grars on the fill, side, it was been only stumed. The old ranchman went on more severely than before; "Your beat is half a mile west of here."

"I know it, but I was looking for a better foothold for the again and wondering whether the the two bunches of cattle belong or not the two bunches of cattle belong. "Well, it was a hard winter and we for a good many—here, look out, there." Swim.

Chief Big Nose, of the Assinabolnes, "The point has you do rate, and you see?" He pointed to a large "B" on the creature's selle. "He line, it is ours," said Lorne, quiet. "Think it is ours," said Lorne, quiet. "Think it is ours," said Lorne, quiet. "The long was reported to a large "B" on the creature's selle. "The same had not some thing the same and a line was of the same a grove of trees detached from the same a grove of trees detached from the same and was a hard winter and we lore a good many—here White, chief of the Indian division, tells all about Big Nose's solicitude.

"While driving in a rainstorm over the reservation of the Assinabolnes," Mr. Graves writes, "I was met by an old Indian chief known as Big Nose, and an interpreter, who insisted upon talking to me. They had come a long way to see me. Hig Nose asked me If I came from Washington, I told him I did. "Will you see the Great Father?" he asked. I said 'yes,' and he grunded a word expressing satisfaction. He insisted that I slt down, as he wanted to talk with me.

n word expressing satisfaction. He insisted that I sit down, as he wanted to talk with me.

"When I was seated, Big Nose explained his mission. It seemed he had always posed among his people; as a great friend of the government, and many times had told his friends that if the occasion ever presented itself, he would fight for 'the Great Father.' Some one had told him that the time had come when he had an opportunity of making good his promise. "The Great Father," he had been informed, was engaged in war with the white men of another country, and it was suggested to him that he offer his services.

"But the person who had told him about the war had also informed him that the fight was being conducted on the water. The object of Big Nose in hunting me up was to explain for him to 'the Great Father' why he had not come to his assaistance. "Fell the Great Father, he said, I am no coward. He may think I am a great coward, but I am not. I cannot fight on water. Can swim only a little bit. If the fighting was on land, tell 'the Great Father' I would help him. But on the water no one run away.

"The old man said this so gravely

one run away."
"The old man said this so gravely



I suppose he can find another. Jetsam-I am afraid not. You see, he was a detective.



